



**"Apocalypse Remix"**

(feat. Akir, Pharoahe Monch)

{"Green Lantern"}

*[Immortal Technique:]*

The system, can never stop what's been set into motion  
Like volcanic eruptions on the floor of the ocean  
My purpose is to burst to the surface  
Immersed in the smoldering lava from verses  
Surrounded by, murder mamas not bitches that's worthless  
I cut chicken heads off, like hexes and curses, weapons I purchase  
Make Homeland Security nervous; I run, pockets and purses  
Like subway searchers robbing masonic temples disguised as churches  
I'm busy so I'll leave that one for you to interpret  
Three serpents of merchants from military industry murder  
The beef is eatin up, like the mad cow in your burger  
Fathom the cause of cattle cannibalism  
Factory farms, are like a fuckin animal prison  
The microcosm of, Adam Smith's capitalism  
America's pagan religion given as the mark of the beast to the Christians  
A destruction of, Babylon, that's my mission!

*[Chorus: Immortal Technique]*

Everywhere Tech and them go, the Feds watchin us  
Clockin the world through satellites like binoculars  
We fight for the release of political hostages  
Motherfuckin right soldier, this is the apocalypse!  
Everywhere Tech and them go, the Feds watchin us  
Clockin the world through satellites like binoculars  
We fight for the release of political hostages  
Waitin for 2012's burning apocalypse

*[Akir:]*

Yo, sex drugs and murder, webcams and burgers  
Check scams and lurkers, test scans to purpose  
Sect crams to further, death plans and workers  
Get canned you nervous as you step, plan that hurts us  
It's demand to be purchased, we can care if you serve us  
We programmed to be perfect, frequent handed the serpents  
An amazement on purpose, see I'm amazin my earners  
But now the tables is turnin, got my hand right on that curtain  
Hit the stages and burn it, with these pages I earn this  
Can't take it, I'm nervous while fake enemies perp'in  
Foul energies worth and, crowds' ears'll be perkin  
Take it somethin disturbin and it's hurtin for certain  
Yearnin to get my turn in, workin to get a word in  
Been in the scene observin while I'm learnin how the system's worked and  
Capitalistic merchants tryin to make a million urgent  
Constructive revolution confusin how the world's burnin

*[Chorus x2: Akir]*

Everywhere I get 'em go, the beast watchin us  
Know we got the spot in control, they got binoculars  
When we be, out on the road they try to follow us  
You never gon' silence this, this is the apocalypse

*[Pharoahe Monch:]*

You have now acquired an old cyrus hybrid, work 'til my third iris  
Chip inside my brain projects scriptures onto my eyelids  
Celibacy, virtual sex, avoid the virus  
Secretive shit that I did will put the city at high risk  
The mentalist, the temple that houses the wisdom  
It's like, Malcolm X calculus amalgamated algorithms  
They say "Pharoahe, teach me about the system"  
Nigga boot me in your computer I'll give you acute astigmatism  
See through +Windows+, +Word+, Pharoahe's the +Mac+ +Intel+  
Bit off the +Apple+, plant seeds, spit crack +Excel+  
Lyrical +FireFox+, the verbal +Explorer+  
Who metaphors the industry to Sodom and Gomorrah for ya  
They profit from water, they'll profit from oxygen  
Pharoahe the prophet says that this is the apocalypse  
We livin in these last days, use your optics what the topic is  
The coppers got binoculars, they'll probably try to knock us cause

*[Chorus: Pharoahe Monch, Immortal Technique]*

*[Pharoahe Monch:]* Everywhere Pharoahe goes, the Feds watchin me  
*[Immortal Technique:]* Satellites observin the fulfillment of the prophecy  
*[Pharoahe Monch:]* Middle fingers up to the sky with no apologies  
*[Immortal Technique:]* Cause none of you got an apocalypse insurance policy  
*[Pharoahe Monch:]* Everywhere Pharoahe goes, the Feds watchin me  
*[Immortal Technique:]* Fascism breakin out of the cocoon of democracy  
*[Pharoahe Monch:]* Middle fingers up to the sky with no apologies  
*[Immortal Technique:]* Iraq was just practice for the urban war philosophy

*[Outro: Immortal Technique]*

Ha ha ha, AH-hahahahaha!  
It's burnin in here, call the Fyre Dept.  
Akir, aiyyo Pharoahe  
They ain't never gon' find this shit man  
Ha ha ha ha, like the weapons of mass destruction  
*[laughing]*

## "Death March"

*[DJ Green Lantern]*

This is an invasion, an occupation  
Immortal Technique, the evil genius DJ Green Lantern  
And you're now in the state of guerilla warfare  
It has been spread by the superpowers of the industry  
To the 3rd World underground of the streets  
This is for all those who've been labeled extremists, maniacs, terrorists  
Shit.. Welcome to the 3rd World

*[Immortal Technique]*

Yeah.. Yeah..

Invansion and rampant monetary inflation  
That brought us all to the footsteps of this nation  
Peruvians, Haitians, Ecuadorians, Nicaraguans, Colombians, Salvadorians

Invansion and rampant monetary inflation  
That brought us all to the footsteps of this nation  
*[2x]*

Invansion and rampant monetary inflation  
That brought us all to the footsteps of this nation  
Peruvians, Haitians, Ecuadorians, Nicaraguans, Colombians, Salvadorians  
They call us terrorists after they ruined our countries  
Funding right-wing paramilitary monkeys  
Tortured our populace then blamed the communists  
Your lies are too obvious, propoganda monotanous  
And that's not socialist mythology

This is urban warfare through the streets of your psychology

So I'm like the legs of a paraplegic really  
Cause I'm still part of you even if you can't feel me  
You can never debate me, The M4s at your baby  
Like troops with gats in Iraq do daily  
So you can marginalize the way you portray me  
But don't get Hollywood and try to play me

We can shoot it out in the theater like troops in the 80s  
New Jack City classic crap era, mack-milli  
Shouting BET is not black-owned on Rap City  
You got a contract to kill me motherfucker, that's fine  
Cause there's a contract to kill your family when I die  
So when your car explodes, don't be surprised

Soldier, I'm like Marine Corp C4  
Even blow the spot with the beat rocking at 3/4  
Canvas the flow like the ghost of Michaelangelo  
This is the anthem, Immortal Technique and Green Lantern  
Don't say shit bitch, you don't want the "check, check"  
To become a ..chick, chick.. You know what I'm sick with  
Lyrical tuberculosis, cocaine overdoses  
Blood coming out your noses, that's when death approaches

March to my death smilin, laugh if the end's violent  
There's no escape from this political asylum

Revolutionaries don't fear execution  
Cause the death of my visible Constitution  
Is just the beginning of spiritual evolution  
God will reincarnate me as revolution

*[DJ Green Lantern]*  
You can't take out a revolution  
You can't kill a idea  
Fuck is you stupid?  
You kill that man, he becomes martyr

*[Immortal Technique]*  
Ignore the triplets, this is a fully loaded four-four  
3rd World underground hardcore  
Street-hop, locked and loaded, motherfucker you should know it  
Blast the door to the game open and overthrow it

## "That's What It Is"

*[Invasion]*

Ok... let's go... talk to em'... holler  
Don't you get tired of hearing niggas say that shit?... all the time?  
Why can't you shut the fuck up and rhyme nigga?!

*[Invasion]*

Yeah... yeah... used to run around getting my fight in the streets on  
Back in the day before Harlem had a green zone  
What good is a good education with no direction?  
Like the right to vote with no one to vote for in an election  
Like a gun with no bullets in the clip for protection  
Like the crowd packed in the front without the midsection  
Used to live robbing and stealing and being reckless  
It took time for my mind to put the ghetto in perspective  
I used to live in the back, of a holding van  
Used to be offbeat, like the white girls' shoulder dance  
I wrote rhymes a cappella, no beat, behind bars  
Shed blood to make it, like the story behind scars  
I used to be a battle champion, in the meanwhile  
Before some of you little fuckers learned to freestyle  
Prematurely senile, underground prima donnas  
I was Oliver North during Iran Contra  
Cause I, never snitched, and that's backed by evidence  
I learned it by watching you, don't ever forget it bitch  
Cause everybody knows how the government do  
They never snitch on themselves, but they want you to snitch on YOU  
Evolution from Australopithecus  
Primitive commercial shit to hard-core lyricist  
Your wax is useless  
Rappers are dropping like Icarus  
Technological revolution... nigga picture this

(motherfucka what?)

Yeah... I told you what it was, but this is what it is now  
Lyrical bullets, packed to the top of the clip now  
Treat it like a robbery, I'm shutting this shit down  
Fellas put your hands up and the all the women strip down  
That's not misogynist, you ostriches, cause I could just, apocalypse  
Talk politics to the populace  
Or challenge what the market is  
With militant caucuses  
That'll smash the spirit of Hip Hop out the sarcophagus  
This is the curse of Tutankhamen, I bring the drama on  
I'm sinful, I eat you, broad daylight on Ramadan  
Hip Hop, reparations, now we taking back Delucci  
Don't tell me you spent it on coke, like Danny Bonaduce  
We're tired of being on the outside, looking in  
Wondering what the fuck Hip Hop would've been

This is what it is, as opposed to what it used to be  
And this is your corporate tax ID eulogy  
Dominant speech is the new breed, that won't let you breath  
I'll make you die for what I believe  
So we got nothing in common  
There ain't no comparison  
You got beef with niggas, I got beef with Aryans  
White power Nazi European Americans  
Rapid Poverty pimps, and fake vegetarians  
The resurrection, ripping a ball through the record (wrecking?) section  
Flight connection to the gentry board of all guerrilla lessons  
Fuck a middle man distributor, I got a choice now  
This ain't Volume 1., I got a grown man's voice now  
Toured the country four times over, I'm older and wiser  
Poisonous words, you'll find strychnine in my saliva

(motherfucka what?... Bring it to 'em raw)

I told you what it was, but this is what it is now  
50 caliber bullets, I don't need a clip now  
Fuck your private jet nigga we shooting the shit down  
Bomb wall street and make the stock market dip down  
I told you what it was, but this is what it is now  
you the shit nigga, I don't care about shit now  
I play the role of Abraham, idols get ripped down  
Melt the ice caps, and make all of this shit brown

(No one out there can fuck with me)  
(motherfucka what?)  
(I speak that real shit)  
(to smash the airwaves)  
(I don't want to tell you motherfuckers again)

## "Golpe De Estado"

### *[Intro]*

Lamentablemente, las condiciones que estamos viviendo en  
han llegado a ser una miseria insopportable para la gente  
Pero hay unas veinte patrias engreidas que todavía creen  
en una sociedad de antes donde los artistas  
fuimos bestias de trabajo para la industria  
Ese sueño se ha acabado  
Y ahora nos encontramos despertos en la hora de revolución  
porque no podemos llamar esto un 'movimiento' si toda la propiedad  
intelectual pertenece a los que nos oprimen

Yeah!  
Yeah!  
Yeah!  
Motherfucker!  
Ya te dije  
Que se ha acabado la mierda

### *[Immortal Technique]*

Nos compraron el alma barata  
Hasta la sangre nos sacan, atacan  
Y con un contrato te atrapan  
Pero primero me matan hermano  
Porque prefiero morir  
Peleando que ser esclavo  
Industria sucia  
Toma lluvia de acido  
Aprende la historia del hip hop clasico

Cuando controlan el negocio y la cultura  
La musica se vuelve en comercial basura  
Y la reina latina, pintada como gallina  
Es mas que bailarina o puta en la esquina  
Es abogada, profesora, madre, soldada  
Y carga nuestro futuro cuando está embarazada  
Mira nuestra gente crucificada  
Y la manera desgraciada  
Que estos perros no hablan de nada  
Más que fiestas y riqueza  
Que la gente no tiene  
Así que ahora vas a ver  
La violencia que viene

Un movimiento de verdad ha empezado  
Dejamos el imperio corrupto descuartizado  
Golpe de estado disparando al presidente  
Es hora de revolución nuevamente

Un movimiento de verdad ha empezado

Dejamos el imperio corrupto descuartizado  
Golpe de estado disparando al presidente  
Es hora de revolucion nuevamente

*[Temperamento]*

Golpe de estado el mercado me tiene bravo  
Hermano yo pinto el cuadro  
Y el barrio ya esta cansado cabron  
Yo te juro que lo que yo sudo es puro  
Ustedes son burros  
Que venden el culo por el reggaeton  
Abre los ojos, cojo el presidente del sello  
Bobo le rompo el cuello al pendejo  
Solo con mi cañón

No tengo miedo guerrero por eso muero  
Y me quedo con tiraera  
Porque ella llama la atencion

Levanta publico mano te tienen imnotisado  
Entrenado inyectandote mierda con la estacion

Temperamento rey del movimiento  
Este es mi tiempo  
Con mi cancion  
Hasta Tempo sale de la prision  
Por mis palabras tengo seguidores  
Rapeadores en todas las naciones  
Comisiones de aplicar presion  
Yo soy la epidemia, la saga, las nueve plagas  
La misma palabra en la biblia  
Que habla de Armagedon  
La competencia es riqueza  
Que tristeza  
Que tengo que romperle la cabeza  
Pa que me pidan perdon  
Perriando quiere decirte que tu eres de la brutas  
No te gusta que te llamen puta escucha la cancion  
El sandunguero es tan feo  
Que es con doble sentido  
Le dicen a tu hijo que lo haga sin condon  
El estremera y el capital inmortal  
Vamos a gritas pa que viva la revolucion

*[Translation]*

Pitifully (deplorably/sadly), the conditions that we're living in  
have become an insupportable misery for the people  
But there are some twenty conceited countries that still believe  
in an archaic (old/outdated/outmoded/antiquated/anachronistic) society  
where the artists were beasts of burden for industry  
That dream is over with  
And now we find ourselves awakened at the time of revolution  
because we cannot call this 'change' if all intellectual property

belongs to those who aren't {?}

Yeah!  
Yeah!  
Yeah!  
Mother fucker!  
I already told you  
That the shit is finished!

*[Immortal Technique]*

They bought our souls cheap  
Even blood they take from us, they attack us  
And with a contract they trap you  
But first they'll kill me, bro  
Because I prefer to die  
Fighting than to be a slave  
Dirty industry, drink acid rain  
Learn the history of classic hip hop

When they control business and culture  
Music becomes commercial garbage  
And the Latina queen painted like a chicken  
She's more than a dancer or a whore in the corner  
She is a lawyer, teacher, mother, soldier  
And bears our future when she is pregnant  
Look at our crucified people  
And the disgraceful way  
That these dogs do not talk about anything  
Other than parties and riches/wealth  
That the people don't have  
Therefore/Thus now you're going to see  
The violence that comes

A movement of truth has begun  
We're leaving the corrupt empire in pieces  
Coup d'etat shooting the president  
It is time for revolution again

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We're leaving the corrupt empire in pieces  
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## "Harlem Renaissance"

"Let me welcome both of you  
uh, to the show this morning to talk about what I consider  
to be a very very important topic, uh, the Harlem Renaissance  
But before we get into that..."

### *[Immortal Technique]*

Yeah, Harlem once was red line district rated (uhh)  
Designated ghetto like the yellow star of David  
And you wonder why, people don't own they homes (why?)  
Cause the racist bank wouldn't fuckin mortgage a loan  
Harlem once was red line district rated (uhh)  
Designated ghetto like the yellow star of David  
And you wonder why, people don't own they homes (why?)  
Cause the racist bank wouldn't fuckin mortgage a loan {WAKE UP!}

Harlem once was red line district rated (uhh)  
Designated ghetto like the yellow star of David  
And you wonder why, people don't own they homes (why?)  
Cause the racist bank wouldn't fuckin mortgage a loan  
Until after the invasion of, gentrification  
Eminent domain intimidation, that's not negotiation  
And it's frustratin to look at, every day  
Like watchin a porno, on 56-K  
Biohazard labs instead of store rooms  
What's next motherfucker, projects as dorm rooms?  
You ain't fool nobody in this community duke  
With your little fake Manhattanville community group  
Ivy league, real estate firms are corrupt  
I lay siege to your castle like the Moors in Europe  
They treat street vendors like criminal riff-raff  
While politicians get the corporate kickbacks (snakes)

### *[Chorus: Immortal Technique]*

Harlem Renaissance, a revolution betrayed  
Modern day slaves thinkin that the ghetto is saved  
'Til they start deportin people off the property  
Ethnically cleansin the hood, economically  
They wanna kill the real Harlem Renaissance  
Tryin to put the Virgin Mary through a early menopause  
The savior is a metaphor for how we set it off  
Guerrilla war against the re-zoning predators

### *[Immortal Technique]*

When I speak about Harlem, I speak to the world  
The little Afghan boy, and the Bosnian girl  
The African in Sudan, the people of Kurdistan  
The third world American, indigenous man  
Palestinians, Washington Heights, Dominicans  
Displaced New Orleans citizens

Beachfront Brazilian favelas that you livin in  
The hood is prime real estate, they want back in again (fuck outta here)  
I didn't write this to talk shit, I say it because  
some of y'all forgot what the Harlem Renaissance was  
We had revolution, music and artisans  
But the movement was still fucked up like Parkinson's  
Cause while we were givin birth to the culture we love  
Prejudice, kept our own people out of the club  
Only colored celebrities in the party (fake nigga!)\nAnd left us a legacy of false superiority  
W.E.B. Du Bois versus Marcus Garvey  
And we ended up, sellin out to everybody  
The Dutch {?} and the John Gotti's  
Banksters, modern day gangsters, immobile army  
They wanna move us all out the N.Y.C.  
Like they did to the Jews with the Alhambra decree  
So support your own businesses and do the knowledge  
Cause the real Harlem Renaissance is economic (yeah)

[Chorus]

{"Green Lantern... The Evil Genius!"}

"When they were saying it is the renaissance, of Harlem  
they didn't mean, that we had stake in that  
They meant to say that they could make money out of us"

"They are coming in with all kind of prejudices  
In Brooklyn they're doing the same thing  
In, um, Queens they're doing the same thing; the Bronx  
There's hardly any place which is affordable  
I mean these people are putting up condominiums  
which start from a million dollars  
How many people in this community make that kind of money?  
How many people have that kind of money?"

"People of Harlem, they are the natural allies of the oppressed people  
of the world, whether the struggle is in Panama, in Africa, Cuba"

"We spend money with the wrong people  
We are looking for love, with people who don't love us  
What's wrong with us loving each other  
and making sure that we are protected?"

## "Lick Shots"

(feat. Chino XL, Crooked.I)

### [Intro]

This is the Invasion!

The Evil Genius Green Lantern!

Immortal Technique, "The 3rd World"

(It's on now motherfucker - ha ha, drop)

You ain't got the right to bear arms, huh?

Sometimes you might have to brandish a motherfuckin firearm

(Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots, lick shots)

### [Chorus: Immortal Technique]

Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots

Lick shots for the revolution

Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots, lick shots

But watch, where the fuck you shootin

Yo where you aimin at? Where you aimin at?

Where the fuck you niggaz aimin at?

Where you aimin at? Where you aimin at?

This is only for the hardcore wherever you at, yeah

### [Immortal Technique]

Random one cop killa, hip-hop has never been realer

Volume 2 shot up the president like a gorilla

New York police state capital tried to swallow me

Locked me longer than Puerto Rico been a colony

Thirteenth Amendment slavery property

And now they signin rappers that promote their philosophy?

Fuck that, nigga hip-hop is not Republican

That's just the white motherfuckers that own the publishin

And get the fuck out, if you want the foreigners gone

I paint the White House black and park my car on the lawn

Marry a Muslim girl and fuck her five times a day (WHAT?)

Every time right before we shower and pray (HA!)

You damn right the AK, symbolizes Jihad

But a holy war, is a conversation with God

You bitch niggaz misinterpret what you don't understand

Stackin the wrong sign can end up, shootin your man

Shootin each other, shootin your brother

Aim the gun at the right motherfucker

and leave him colder than the prison in Russia

or America's white power structure

Niggaz love to say "Fuck revolution!"

Until the jury comin and move for the prosecution

And them brothers act like a born-again Huey Newton

Forgot about the bullshit music they was producin

But my niggaz aim precisely, through the confusion - AND

### [Chorus]

*[Crooked.]*

I got a hundred shooters with me, Rugers shoot you through the kidney  
Stand in front of the judge and lie quicker than Scooter Libby  
I'm runnin through the city - dear God  
If I murk the racist Rush Limbaugh I wonder would you forgive me? (Huh?)  
Somebody told me glim back as the plan's over  
See ya, time to let him see a damn soldier  
Flip your Landrover, I told ya I blam toasters  
Gun pop off like the mouth of Ann Coulter  
This is my gangsta religion  
See I aim with precision, point blank the position  
I'm black as them ancient Egyptians  
Before European historians went and changed the description  
I'm blamed for the 'caine in the kitchen  
The C.I.A. playin with the pigeons, same pain that I'm pitchin (yea)  
Listen, you dudes better watch the hook  
I'm a boxer, coppers'll come up, Hoffa look  
They wanna get rid of this conscious crook  
Like I'm a Gnostic, apocryphal, non-canonical Gospel book  
But I ain't goin nowhere, that's the motherfuckin truth  
America don't care for its inner city youth - so I

*[Chorus]*

*[Chino XL]*

Puerto Rican superhero!  
Yo, XL eternal my journal, Sojourner, Nat Turner  
Cop murdered by the certain burner turned in the back of his sternum  
He flirted with pullin me over for bein brown, I bust  
Now he in the back of the truck with Don Imus  
I must, take aim when I lick shots  
Throw stray bullets like when Nas got off of Pharoahe Monch  
These pigs wanna see us dead inside a jail cell  
Turn us from Shawn Carter to Shawn Combs to Sean Bell  
My temper 'bout to break like levees in New Orleans  
Catch Jimmy Iovine when he refinance his mortgages  
Kid illusion is dead, we movin with the blue and the red  
Latin Kings, Giuliani with a gat to his head  
Y'all don't lick shots like killers aimin at the Feds  
Y'all lick shots like Jenna Jameson and Superhead  
Pigs slice to Venice and beef at the benefits meet  
Buried him on Venice Beach with the flies and the bees  
Bzzzt - Chino, and Immortal Tech'  
Kill shit like the Chinito at Virginia Tech (what's fuckin with that?)  
And Jacob ain't your friend, he's a fuckin jeweler  
BLAP, BLAP! I shoot the cats off your fuckin Pumas!

*[Chorus]*

### "The 3rd World"

Immortal Technique and DJ Green Lantern  
Third World mother fuckers!

#### *[Immortal Technique]*

I'm from where the gold and diamonds are ripped from the earth  
right next to the slave castles where the water is cursed  
from where police brutality's not half as nice  
It makes the hood in America look like paradise  
compared to the AIDS-infested Caribbean slum  
African streets where the passport's an American gun  
from where they massacre people and try to keep it quiet  
and spend the next 25 years tryin' to deny it  
I'm from where they cut your hands off if you make a fist  
and niggas grow coca cause the job market doesn't exist  
except slave labor modern day company store  
and peace keeper's don't ever ever come here no more  
from where the bombs that they used to drop on Vietnam  
Kill us children born deformed eight months before they born  
I'm from where they lost the true meaning of the Qur'an  
'cause heroin is not compatible with Islam  
And niggas know that, but grow that poppy seed anyway  
'cause that food drop parachute does not come everyday  
I'm from where people pray to the gods of their conquerors  
and practically every president's a money launderer  
From the only place democracy is acceptable  
Is if America candidate is electable  
And they might even have a black president, but he's useless  
'Cause he does not control the economy stupid!

#### *[Chorus]*

Lock and load your gun, where I'm from: the Third World son  
Been to many places but I'm Third World-born  
Guerrillas hit and run where I'm from: the Third World son  
You polluted everything, and now the Third World's gone  
The waters poisoned where I'm from son: the Third World son  
Seven hundred children die by the end 'this song  
Revolution'll come, where I'm from: the Third World son  
Constant occupation, leaves the Third World torn

#### *[Immortal Technique]*

I'm from where the catholic church is some racist shit  
They helped Europe and America rape this bitch  
They pray to white Spaniard Jesus, who's face is this  
But never talk about the black Pope Gelasius  
I'm from where soviet weapons still decide elections  
Military is like the mafia: you pay for protection  
kinda like sex toys, is what the country sells  
And rich white businessmen make the best clientele  
I'm from where they too pussy to come film Survivor

And they murder Coca-Cola union organizers  
I'm from where the justice system esta podrido  
Fuck government niggaz politic over perico  
Rebelde conocido, enterado vivo, como otro argentino desparecido  
cause Rico laws don't apply to the CIA  
and mother fuckers make sneakers for a quarter a day  
I'm from where they overthrow democratic leaders  
not for the people but for the Wall Street Journal readers  
from where blacks, indigenous peoples and Asians were once  
slaves of the Caucasians and it's amazing how they trained them  
to be racist against themselves in a place they were raised in  
and you kept us caged in  
destroyed our culture and said that you civilized us  
raped our woman and when we were born you despised us  
gentrified us, agent provocateurs divide us  
and crucified every revolutionary messiah  
so I'ma start a global riot  
that not even your fake  
anti-communist dictators can keep quiet  
fuck your charity medicine, try to murder me  
the immunizations you gave us were full of mercury  
so now I see the Third World like the rap game soldier  
nationalize the industry and take it over!

*[Chorus]*

**"Hollywood Driveby"**  
(feat. PsychoRealm, Sick Symphonies)

*[Immortal Technique]*

Somebody talk shit to me in L.A., would never live  
Cause brown rolls deeper than red or blue, ever did  
I got bullets that'll rip through yo' ribs  
More painful than watchin R. Kelly piss on yo' kids  
Here's the ultimatum motherfucker, give me the ASCAP  
Or give America Biggie and 2Pac flashbacks  
Some niggaz don't think the underground is grimy and dirty  
'til they find your body on a fuckin highway in Jersey  
I fire rockets at generic topics  
Your lyrics don't hold weight, like two-dimensional objects  
Cause jail culture didn't give you that fitted hat  
to memorize a ghostwritten shit verse and spit it back  
I won't let your wack rhymes redefine lyricism  
For a whole generation with they fathers in prison  
You live inside the image of an era that's gone  
Like government officials tryin to justify Vietnam  
I leave niggaz traumatized, like they momma died  
And they was responsible for the drive-by homicide  
And I don't market revolution, I live it  
What you think cause you fake everyone else is a gimmick?  
Jealous bickering, industry slaves, the nerve of you  
Like a child prostitute born into a life of servitude  
Until we murder you, makin the red carpet burgundy  
With PsychoRealm in the streets where I prefer to be

*[Chorus: Immortal Technique]*

Hollywood drive-by, motherfuckin murder-fest  
Weed clouds in the air, that cause turbulence  
Revolucion, motherfucker you heard of it  
I light the spliff with the flag, while I'm burnin it  
Hollywood drive-by, sprayin the cucarachas  
War with the system like the streets of Oaxaca  
Yeah, revolucion, motherfucker you scared of it?  
Well it's comin to the industry now, so be prepared for it

*[PsychoRealm]*

You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full-clip raps  
While most of these gangsta rappers are some full-fledged rats  
You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full [scratches]  
You're on some bull {\*scratches\*} you're on some bull [scratches]

You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full-clip raps  
While most of these gangsta rappers are some full-fledged rats  
The real G's stay strapped in full combat  
What you see in the videos is full-on acts  
The streets don't believe you homie  
Armageddon in the rap game is comin and we lead the army

Rock tear a tape out of yo' sounds  
Got hostages in pink, this is what they call hip-hop now?  
I keep that metro shit out of my whip  
Man that dummy rap is through makin money, it's about to extinct  
You know the radio tryin to kill rap with that shit  
The only thing dyin is the DJ's when the K spit  
We're here to CEO's, and blow up A&R's  
I'm takin your chips like crashing your game of cards  
This is how I eat holmes, I would give you buzz  
And take the life of these stars for this thing of ours

*[Chorus]*

*[Sick Symphonies]*  
Yeah, uhh  
I'm from the city of falling stars, the home of banging hard  
Waiting for them at the Radio City Hall to snatch 'em out their fucking cars  
Expose 'em for what they are - NARCs, jakes, snake informants  
Feeding us horse shit, blaze up all of them  
They say hip-hop doesn't exist  
Rappers talking hard dressed up like punk rock kids  
Pumped up by some corporate endorsement, dead corpses are voiceless  
No one hears ya homie, ya little fame is over  
We'll send little homies foreclosure  
like bankers, cause you owe us the mortgage  
For exploiting the lifestyle that many died, jailed up in storage  
Leaving most of us hopeless, homies radio focused  
What we're building got 'em all afraid  
Give me the K, I'll be honored to ignite the flame  
that'll, burn down the game, what's fame? Keep it  
A movement, a sonic war, motherfucker you sleepin

*[Chorus]*

### "Watchout Remix"

*[Immortal Technique]*

You know back in the day, some of y'all  
Would shout out Allah's name like he was hostin yo' mixtape  
Then after 9/11 you got scared and shut the fuck up  
Didn't talk about the demonization of a culture, immigrants, nothin  
Now you show up, talk about we takin it too far  
Die slow! MOTHERFUCKER!

Yeah, 100 percent independent, I'm the fuckin boss  
I sold 80,000 off a quotable in The Source  
The hood is not stupid, we know the mathematics  
I made double what I would going gold on Atlantic  
Cause EMI, Sony BMG, Interscope  
would never sign a rapper with the White House in his scope  
They push pop music like a religion  
Anorexic celebrity driven financial fantasy fiction  
Contradiction cause the life we was given resembles life in prison  
Fed time with Manuel Noriega  
The real Noriega, who did America 100 favors  
with Contras, the Shah and the CIA  
Movin Escobar's coke through the M-I-A  
This is +The 3rd World+ speakin, through a dead man walkin  
And everybody talkin 'bout the South takin over  
It's true motherfucker, but it's comin over the border  
Fuck your chain, my people'll kill you for water  
Fuck fans nigga, I got soldier supporters  
that'll cut your throat if you strapped with a tape recorder  
That's right motherfucker, welcome to the New World Order  
Where the truth is always censored by corporate reporters  
The government, runs the drug politics on the corner  
That's why I never stress rappers and their employers  
I put a bag over his fuckin head and torture your lawyer  
Cause it's too simple to shoot ya - I'll taser the roof of  
your mouth and electrocute ya, I'll root you out with the Ruger  
The German Luger, U-boat, and the troops in the scuba  
Nigga you can't overthrow me like the island of Cuba!  
Niggaz'll never find your body, like the bitch in Aruba  
And I maneuver through the state department and their friends  
With secret deals like the Nazis and IBM  
And now you know this ain't a trend or a fashion  
This is my life and my passion, FUCK tryin to cash in nigga!  
I need more than advancements and a rented mansion  
So while you little house niggaz is singin and dancin  
I'll kill you and take your land like an Israeli expansion  
{"Invasion"}



## "Reverse Pimpology"

(feat. Mojo)

*[Immortal Technique]*

Hypocrites, hookers, sex offenders  
Y'all niggaz wanna be pimps and players?  
This ain't 1997 nigga

I'd rather be rich and unhappy than broke and miserable  
Cause the game don't give a FUCK if you lyrical  
And that's pitiful, so my position is pivotal  
You can hate me all you like but you worship the principle  
I inspire revolution, the government's not invincible  
Vietnam to Venezuela, trick knowledge, they pimpin you  
All up in the hood like McDonald's and liquor  
Selling AIDS medicine, when we know you got the cure nigga (woo!)  
You leery of conspiracy theory but hear me  
Throw a business perspective, it makes more sense clearly  
Cause moreover, that's what we go to war over  
And numbers don't lie unless we do Bush and Gore over  
Free markets make money disingenuously  
But I invest in agriculture, biochemistry  
Smart nigga from the hood, pussy, what type of crime is that?  
But exec's are like, "You from Harlem? Where your diamonds at?"  
Stupid

*[Mojo]*

Can't dodge the game  
If you lookin for the money or the fame (oh-ohh)  
The players and the rules ain't changed (oh no)  
But see we tryin to leave a name  
So we're turnin out

*[Immortal Technique]*

Yeah, this is how pimps get pimped and players get played  
Rich people get robbed and, broke niggaz paid  
New York, London, Chicago, Philly and L.A.  
Miami, D.C., B-more and out in the Bay

*[Mojo]*

We're tearin it out of the frame  
See we deserve to stake that claim  
If we didn't it's a cryin shame  
What we're concerned about is how to turn it out

*[Immortal Technique]*

Show me a pretty girl, with the world stuck to her  
And I bet you there's a brother that's tired of fuckin her  
Lots of niggaz girls is someone else's one night stand  
I probably made some bitches nervous listenin with they man (ha ha)  
And if that offends somebody, I'm sorry, fuck you!

What you think, revolutionaries don't like to fuck too?  
You just gotta beware of dangerous coochie  
Cover ya head like a kufi, some rappers think that they live in a movie  
Until they get herpes or clap from a groupie  
And I don't need to shout you out, nigga you know who you be  
Look, most people are only players cause they got played  
And have not, let go of that, shit since the 7th grade  
Yeah you got your heart broke, life sucks, doesn't it?  
But you shouldn't fuck up someone else's life because of it  
Someone did your mother like that, that's why you fatherless  
Before jail or racist cops, that's what the problem is

*[Mojo]*  
Recognize the game  
See who's the one to place that blame  
We gettin trapped in a cycle of pain  
With a generation headed down the drain  
Time we turn it out

*[Immortal Technique]*  
This is how pimps get pimped and players get played  
Beautiful women get, cheated on and gangstas sprayed  
Jersey, Detroit, Denver, Phoenix, Atlanta  
Texas, Vegas, Seattle and fuckin Louisiana

*[Mojo]*  
Regardless of money you payin  
Just spendin, hold a watch and a chain  
But can't offer your children a thang  
What the hell is goin on in your brain?  
We gon' turn it out

*[Immortal Technique]*  
Yeah, I'm not a crack rapper, I'm not a backpacker (ha ha ha)  
I'm not a wack rapper, moonlighting as a bad actor  
I treat labels like the projects, cause I'm a hater (what!)  
Go to the Sony building and piss in the elevator  
Cater to hustlers, crooks and cheap smugglers  
Bootleg my own album, to reach customers (yeah)  
Every city, state and country, the hood love me  
Even Aborigines, in Australia bump me  
They say underground fans are all the color of talcum  
But who the fuck you think buy 50 and Jay albums?  
Who the fuck you think made Snoop and Dre platinum?  
Call up any major record label and ask 'em  
But there's some, devils in disguise in hip-hop  
that belong at Republican fundraisers with Kid Rock (bitch!)\nI hope one of my fans has one of your kids shot  
And blames it on Acid, Prozac and Slipknot  
You a pussy actin hard like a bitch cop  
I'll drop you to the floor like a reverse wristlock  
Eat your food and shit on you, like a highway pit stop  
And make, revolutionaries out of kids that used to flip rocks

The government, pimped 9/11 to go to Iraq  
And history, repeats itself right on track (how?)  
First as a tragedy, and then the comedy begins (why?)  
Cause it's funny, motherfuckers don't see it come around again

*[Mojo (I.T.)]*

Where, can we be free? (FUCK we gon' be free man?)

We only wanna live our lives

Live our lives, with our eyes open

Open your eyes – open your eyes

You stupid motherfuckers - you stupid motherfuckers

Open your eyes, before you die

## "Payback"

(feat. Diabolic, Ras Kass)

*[Diabolic]*

These fuckin snakes man  
Fuckin up our lives  
I'll take a piss in your oil fields  
I want some motherfuckin payback so, yo

I wanna run for president, and the focal point when I'm campaigning  
Is to put FEMA to work on a plantation at Camp David  
Demand payment for New Orleans with the best of swordsmen  
Launching missiles at the White House while Tech's performing  
On the lawn and I just let 'em burn till death's confirmed  
Laid to rest with worms cause otherwise they'll never learn  
I'll form a cruel intent, put anthrax through the vents  
From out a package I got in the mail that you just sent  
But I got a better punishment for these Republicans  
I'd let 'em live so they can see us overthrow the government  
Let's fuck with them, have the first lady beat me off  
Till my semen's launched, then I skeet across her face like Peter North  
And I won't leave a doubt what we about when I cream her mouth  
Or leave her trout bleeding out on Condoleezza's couch  
I'll seek this route without regrets, and drink a brew then think of you  
Cause if it's the last fuckin thing I do I'll...

*[Ras Kass]*

Yeah, Immortal Technique, Rassy  
Nigga, I never forget nothing nigga

Fifty-one percent of the World Bank is owned by the US treasury  
Robbing third world countries out all they resources and equity  
When Afghanistan was fighting the Russians  
Reagan and Bush gave Bin Laden weapons and told him get to bussin  
We even called 'em freedom fighters  
Financed the cost with CIA imported cocaine  
That whole Iran Contra Scandal, niggas took the blame  
Started a war on drugs  
Meanwhile Russia's defeated, America thinks more oil for us  
Take over, set up a public government, Arabs ain't bearing it  
So the same freedom fighters, George W. call 'em terrorists  
Poetic justice, payback's a bitch, these fuckin hypocrites  
Like Bill O'Reilly, right-wingers deserve what they get  
Rush Limbaugh, drug addict, Giuliani, sex scandal  
I wanna thank white supremacists then show you how my tech's handled  
My neck's nano-technologically designed  
It spits SARS to all you stupid ass execs that capital resigned

I am vindictive, faggots!

*[Immortal Technique]*

Huh, hahaha  
Yeah I got something for you motherfuckers haha  
You want it? HERE YOU GO!

The first payback that I would accomplish  
I'd draft children from the senate and congress  
Pompous religious right made suicidal  
When I exposed Joe Cephas for ghost writing the Bible  
Making nuclear silos, bomb the world with hydro  
Chinese dragon sized blunts in Maracaibo  
Huh, and everyone flashing a gun on a DVD  
I'd make them niggas shoot it out with NYPD  
And every fucker that didn't buy my CD  
I'd stab the revolution in their neck with an IV  
See me, own the world, I'd give it back to the poor  
I'd give a last name to every single son of a whore  
Hard to the core, fuck with the gay list  
Niggas pop on they block but they globally nameless  
I'd show the hood real gangsters and make 'em famous  
Langley Virginia, where my connect for cocaine is  
I'd make everybody fuckin have the world darkening  
I make rap-about lyrics, not beats and marketing  
Replace every raped virgin's broken hymen  
Holding De Beers reclining, while they choke on they diamonds  
My designing's like Francis Ford Coppola rhyming  
Building a universe inside solitary confinement  
I'd reverse Rockefeller laws and bring Mumia home  
And serve the President freestyling offa the dome

A message to the outgoing president  
Hey I got a great idea nigga... Kill yourself  
Hahaha, you know it's so funny, I thought about it the other day  
You should probably kill yourself  
Ah why don't you kill yourself?  
Hahahahahah, kill yourself

**"Stronghold Grip"**  
(feat. Poison Pen, Swave Sevah)

[ad libs for first 22 seconds]

[Immortal Technique]  
Immortal Technique, Poison Pen  
Swave Sevah motherfucker (get 'em right now!)

I leave government spies and murderers  
wrapped in plastic like Dominican furniture  
I put the iron in you, like the center of Earth's curvature  
And make your block turn into the, border of Serbia  
My flow's dirtier than juiced-up players in baseball  
And beat you in the head like a sock with an 8-ball  
You got Stockholm Syndrome, and that's why I hate y'all  
Cause you be biggin up the industry while they rape y'all

[Poison Pen]

Yeah, I spaz out (spaz out) and beat the shit out niggaz  
You fag out (fag out) and beat the jizz out niggaz  
Gloves (check) ski mask (check) duct tape (check)  
Get a ducat and lost and recovered and break neck  
Bed-Stuy, BestBuy, clique and rush the {?}  
Rip up the pavement, throw the whole block on you  
Pop up, you gotta get it  
Like Ricky in "Boyz N the Hood," stoppin to scratch a lotto ticket

[Swave Sevah]

Yo, I feel the sudden surge given me the urge to speak (yo what up?)  
Scream somethin that's absurd and disturb the peace (fuck y'all!)  
Quick to throw a hot verse to beats  
You see the music I'm a prisoner, hip-hop is my work release  
I'm not the same Swave you knew, I'm a whole new person  
More assertive and aggressive, my attitude worsened  
I raise hell on this earth  
Your rap is over, you Casanova's gon' end up like Gerald Levert, bitch!

[Chorus: Immortal Technique, Poison Pen, Swave Sevah]

[I.T.] Stronghold tighten the grip, on the underground  
[P.P.] I fight back-to-back holdin my brothers down  
[S.S.] You done started, with the wrong motherfucker now  
[I.T.] Married to the cause and we loyal, we don't fuck around  
[P.P.] Stronghold overthrow the whole fuckin underground  
[I.T.] Secretly run, by commercial motherfuckers now  
[S.S.] So while you little step-and-fetch niggaz run around  
[all] Controlled demolition, we bringin the structure down!

[Immortal Technique]

Immortal Technique nigga, I'm the type to flip  
Cause me and my dogs fight to the death like Michael Vick's

And I don't hit women so I'm not gonna mangle your wiz  
A prostitute with an AIDS race'll handle the biz

*[Poison Pen]*

Hit the block with a pen and glock, a ox and rocks, a devil spray  
If that's a K, play yo' punk-ass infected with leprosy  
Leave you half-murdered beyond, recognition beat and indecent  
Leave you with your plastic surgeon for a remix

*[Swave Sevah]*

Yo, aiyyo I'm hard-bodied with it  
And these scars, contusions, concussions, fractures  
and pains you suffer from; I probably did it  
You ain't worth spit, I put a hit out on your mother  
Then fuck up you and your four brothers

*[Immortal Technique]*

You play Scarface when a microphone's in the room  
But you more like Pacino in "Dog Day Afternoon"

*[Poison Pen]*

ASCAP clappin 'em, all this rap traps  
Snatch that diamonds off your neck, worth 50 dead Africans

*[Swave Sevah]*

Yo, this dude is truly a joke  
That stuff got you feelin tough, must be sniffin +Peruvian Coke+

*[I.T.]* We spit Cold War syndrome, it shatters the bones

*[P.P.]* Spray my dependance on your bitch face when it splatters you on

*[S.S.]* Thrown in submission holds and choked 'til you tap out

*[I.T.]* And shut down your party like Whitney Houston's crackhouse

*[P.P.]* Stronghold, live and direct up in your set

*[S.S.]* The habitual line steppers - Swave, Pen and Tech

*[Chorus]*

*[ad libs to the end]*

### "Mistakes"

(Yes I did... I made a mistake... yes I did)

Huh..ya know living this type a life  
makes you grow up faster than you'd expect to sometimes...  
fuck around and be in your late twenties...  
feelin like a old man and shit...  
yeah for real son... let em know

It's hard to breath and hard to run when your lung's blackened  
Coughing up blood like what the fuck happened  
Raising my risk of cancer's the answer homie  
But after drinking something there's nothing like puffing a bogie  
Now I can blame the same product placement in movies,  
Or the commercials, or Scarface in a jacuzzi  
But now I'm living it  
Damn I should a never took that first cigarette

(I made a mistake)

I fucked up, like your girl was riding on top of me  
I should of took her to trial and never copped a plea  
But this ain't a Christian nation motherfucka please  
America never taught me to turn the other cheek  
Cause I'm from Harlem, the north of Manhattan  
We knock niggas out and make em bounce like Ricky Hatton  
But wildin on the corner got me turned back from the Canadian border

(I made a mistake)

I knew she was a virgin, when I first met her  
Rockin stockings and poppin out of the catholic school sweater  
Mom told her she could do better than a criminal  
Seventeen year-old psychotic, trying to be lyrical  
I never meant to break her heart or fuck up her life  
But I was careless, instead of treating her right  
I seen her again at some club strippin and wondered  
If I could have made her life different

(I made a mistake... yes I did...)

*[Tech talking over the beat:]*  
Damn shortie, you got me on some singin the blues shit...  
but you gotta stop looking backwards and remember to look ahead...  
this is for all my dudes on patrol in the desert right now... for real

(I made a mistake)

Yeah..yeah... I joined the army looking for money to go to college  
But they ain't pay me a quarter of what they fucking promised

Extended my tour, treating me like a sucker  
That's the reason officers get fragged motherfucker  
Don't give me speeches on how you respect and you love me  
But no body armor in a lightly armored humvee?!  
My family's lonely and you want me to reenlist for 30 grand homie?

(I made a mistake)

When I was young I got signed to a record label  
The deal looked so good when it was on the table  
It paid for my cable, cribs, cars and jewelry  
The studios, the women there's nothing they wouldn't do for me  
Except stop screwing me for publishing and royalties  
How the fuck are you my dawg, when there's no loyalty?  
Word to the street  
I should've gone independent like Immortal Technique

(I made a mistake)

Some people learn from mistakes and don't repeat them  
Others try to block the memories and just delete them  
But I keep em as a reminder they not killing me  
And I thank God for teaching me humility  
Son, remember when you fight to be free  
To see things how they are and not how you like em to be  
Cause even when the world is falling on top of me  
Pessimism is an emotion, not a philosophy  
Knowing what's wrong doesn't imply that you right  
And its another, when you suffer to apply it in life  
But I'm no rookie  
And I'm never gonna make the same mistake twice pussy

### "Parole (Evil Genius Mix)"

[Intro: Immortal Technique (parole officer)]

(980505A) Yeah nigga what

(You made parole) What?

(Pack your stuff) The fuck?

(And get the fuck out of here) A-haha

Aiyyo man, it's about motherfuckin time man

Aiyyo G, aiyyo G son, I got my papers man

I'm out this motherfucker!

[Immortal Technique]

Yeah, I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again

Never selling heroin, never selling crack again

Don't work for the government coke packagin

Don't fire indiscriminate, with the mac again

My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin

They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican

Second chance, faith based, two-faced Samaritans

Every time we come back, they... [record rewinds]

I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again

Never selling heroin, never selling crack again

I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again

I'm out of, I'm out of (I'm out this motherfucker!)

Yeah, I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again

Never selling heroin, never selling crack again

Don't work for the government coke packagin

Don't fire indiscriminate, with the mac again

My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin

They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican

Second chance, faith based, two-faced Samaritans

Every time we come back, they keep on cashin in

Prison labor, third-world sweatshop comparisons

'til we kidnap the whole fuckin garrison

Yeah, poverty, makes people do, reckless things

But corporations do worse to protect they bling

Prisons are more, overcrowded than the rap game

They say you more likely to go to jail with a black name

Freakonomics that I speak through ebonics

and fuck Phonics, little niggaz is (Hooked On) chronic

But if you on stage with the DEA, as your hype man

Don't get yourself locked up, and blame the white man

We transformed gangs and criminal enterprises

Usin O.G.'s as advisors

Before they, send us to war, after they divide us

But I won't let 'em use us like Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders

My movement's like a jujitsu kata

I graduated outta prison, so FUCK my alma mater nigga

[Interlude: Immortal Technique (woman)]

(Hello?) Yeah yeah, what's up yo?  
(Hey, how you doin?) Yo, you know what?  
I just got my papers (you're fuckin lying!)  
Yo I'm comin home to you, I'll see you in like a day and a half  
([screams] Oh my God, I'm so happy! Are you serious?)  
([screams] I'm so happy! Are you fuckin serious?)  
Yeah, I'm dead serious baby, I'm comin home (oh my God!)  
Put the little blue thing on for me, aight?  
(You got that baby, yeah!)

*[Immortal Technique]*

I'm on parole, and I'll never be alone again  
Fuck this place baby, I'm comin home again  
Shorty wrapped around me so I'll, never be cold again  
Never have to knock a nigga out, for the phone again  
Prison ain't the place that you find your rite of passage in  
It's slavery, with nasty food in your abdomen  
Middle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack 'em in  
Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than saccharin  
Jailhouse snitches without corroborating evidence  
Niggaz sellin niggaz out for true to be, Benjamins  
But now I'm free, hit the block, eatin Entenmann's  
Benihana in and out, flow to eat to enter in  
Newspaper pencillin, tryin to pay the rent again  
Ex-con job interview, nobody answerin  
Feelin violent from the frustation I got pent up in  
But not tryin to go back to the place, I was sent up in  
Turn my own life around, fuck the establishment  
Listenin to hip-hop like "Where the fuck the talent went?"  
How the fuck did you replace, lyrics with your swaggerin?  
I'ma fix that, rhymin on with the mag-a-num  
I roll up in a caravan, full of North Africans  
My squad got, more soldier niggaz than the Saracens  
Cause just watch (watch!) when the terrorists attack again  
Their reaction's gonna be draft 'em and send us back again

*[scratches]*

I'm on parole, and I'll never be alone again  
Fuck this place baby, I'm comin home again  
Shorty wrapped around me so I'll, never be cold again  
Never have to knock a nigga out, for the phone again  
Prison ain't the place that you find your rite of passage in  
It's slavery, with nasty food in your abdomen  
Middle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack 'em in  
Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than saccharin  
I'm on parole

### "Crimes Of The Heart"

Yea I turned 21 in prison locked up at night  
Now I walk around free seems like another life  
Another roll with some other dice  
Another ho or a loving wife  
People come and go some really you never know  
Intellectual midgets that really never grow  
Fake love that holds on like "can I hold you though?"  
And old friends will look at you like "yo, yea I told you so"  
A toast to the broken hearted  
Who never finished what they fucking started  
People who go out and try to be a rebel at night  
Try to make up for the fact that they settled in life  
It's like a fight between the devil and Christ over the limelight  
Spiritual celebrity poker  
But the whole deck is full of jokers  
And every year that you get older  
The stakes get higher  
Gambling with a bunch of fakes and liars  
Real talk 'cause the real New York  
Is the pain and the suffering of lost love  
Staring off into the distance in the midst of the club  
Depression and emptiness that lead to suicide  
And the struggle inside of yourself that keeps you alive  
Survived and medicated stalked by sobriety  
The life that you live now tortured by memories violently  
I pray inside of me that one day you could be forgiven  
For murdering the beautiful world we used to live in

Crimes of the heart  
Crimes of the heart

Love... doesn't need a complicated metaphor  
And sometimes nothing needs to be said at all  
Sometimes a person you're with is not your one and only  
And you just fuck with them because you afraid to be lonely  
And when you come back its too late  
So you overcompensate  
Like victims of rape  
Full of self hate  
Lost in the affection to strangers around you  
Instead of the only person that ever gave a fuck about you  
Thought you were happy so you didn't come check me  
But then when he cheated or treated you incorrectly  
You conveniently realized you could never forget me  
And tried to crawl back in my life unexpectedly  
These are my indictments  
Of those who claim to be righteous  
And leave a trail of broken hearts on their way to enlightenment  
But I cant give into hatred or pass judgment

Even towards every illusion I've been in love with  
'cause the heart that betrays itself willingly  
Is like a nation that trades freedom for stability  
    Its so seductive to be cold and corrupted  
And isolated and try to be an independent republic  
    But liberty to be loved on the surface is worthless  
        The sacrifice of revolution with no purpose  
Take it from a criminal searching for his redemption  
Cursing at God desperately trying to get his attention

    Crimes of the heart  
    Crimes of the heart  
        Looking for the shining light  
Who's it gonna be? Who'll walk the line with me tonight?  
Round we go (won't cross?) climbing through the endless night  
Who's it gonna be? Who'll walk the line with me this time?  
    (me this time oooh oooh oooh)  
Climbing through the endless night (endless night, endless night)

**"Rebel Arms"**

(feat. Da Circle, J. Arch)

*[Intro: DJ Green Lantern]*

What you thought it was over?!

Shit ain't over 'til we say it's over motherfucker

Aiyyo Tech, what you think about the rap game right about now?

"It's all bullshit, you know that, I know that!

Hey, come along with me man, we'll have a budget, huh?

We'll have some clout.."

"I didn't get into this for that!"

"Well that's all there is!"

"Well if that's all there is I've been wastin my motherfuckin time wit'chu

I can get more clout and more money on the STREET

than I can get followin your ass..."

*[Immortal Technique]*

(Rebel arms!) Yeah... yeah, uhh, yeah

The game is polluted with rappers that are really snitches

And most DJ's are nothin but, industry bitches

And we don't got, no mansion or riches

But we got guns and knives and your children's pictures

And everybody loses in war, but you lose more

What you think we brought back the Panthers, and the Zulu for?

Immortal witchdoctor made himself a voodoo doll

for every motherfucker that fronted that I can recall

Fuck the industry, don't call me, you can't get with me

I'll leave niggaz hangin like Mississippi

RBG to the last drop of blood in my body

Or the Feds drag me away, like a tsunami

But I'll be back, like a fresh bodybag from Iraq

Like a Baltimore slum, during the resurgence of crack

Brown and black, like the A.K. I keep in the strap

While we waitin on the next stock market collapse!

*[Da Circle]*

It's territorial, oratory editorial

Fuck around I'll be the cause of your life's memorial

I write rap's territorial, East Coast border zoo

Never crossin waters 'til I will coastally slaughter you

I'm better than all of you, vendetta's be mauling you

You're talkin cheddar, I'm a shreddar, I'll sever it off of you

I'll never remorse for you, no letters endorsin you

Pole position in the coffin is what it's, costin you

The cockiest bosses who control the fortunes too

The mortgage is of a cultural losses, through and through

(But it's the rebel arms!) Godspeed with devil's charms

The bitch-made gets switchblades in every arm

And this way we ix-nay on any harm

Cause next play and fakes lay like hidden bombs

We marching units in, the soul is true within  
Eternal missions with church, a lifetime to do it in

Stronghold said it, whoop yo' bitch-ass with batons  
The rebel arms swarm and form like Voltron  
Slash your own beast, you heard (Mark of the East)  
Runnin through cop lands screamin "Fuck the police!"  
Hormones in the water (water) they actin out of order  
Like a pack of rabid wolves, they lambs for the slaughter  
Crush your man to bull, rip the drums like Animal  
Eat 'em seeds, save my own kind, I'm a cannibal  
My regimen salute me, haters wanna shoot me  
Kool-Aid in their veins, they'll always try to sue me  
You sell crack and rap, did a scared bid  
Multiple baby mamas, take care of yo' kids

Guillotine rap, shackles on your neck  
Chemical warfare where punchlines connect  
Da Circle play the snipers, with Immortal Tech'  
They called the block govenor to drag him of the set!

*[J. Arch]*

Rebel arms out for supremacy and move non-gimmicky  
Related to royalty on each trip you mention me  
Twist bars illest-ly, rebel against the infantry  
Get more than yo' feet wet when I make you a memory  
Cats not ready because they commercially industry  
I make house calls to those afraid to visit me  
Disrespect, I'll smash off the petty  
from undisclosed locates, move fast for their chddy  
Arch don't breakdance, yet I (Rock Steady)  
I jump on your scope to prove your aim not deadly  
My shot to the top is like Mikki and Mal' smelly  
Flow milky like the tits of a chick, that's top heavy  
The (Technique's Immortal) so Rebel Arm's the regiment  
Arch status nicer than, other rappers ever been  
My cantine's full from when the doc don't got medicine  
Five-star general, frontline veteran

*[Outro: DJ Green Lantern]*

Invasion baby!  
Shit ain't a fuckin game that we playin  
Immortal Technique...  
Oh yeah, don't forget  
"Revolutionary Vol. 3" comin soon  
You're not worthy, you sons-of-bitches!